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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-ONE

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The BOYS™

TWENTY-ONE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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NORAD, THIS IS CRAZY, WHY THE--

ARCHER LEADER, I REPEAT: DO NOT ENGAGE TARGET. PULL BACK.

BUT I'VE GOT HIM LOCKED UP, I CAN--

ARCHER LEADER, YOU ARE NOT CLEARED WEAPONS FREE. YOU ARE ORDERED TO RETURN TO BASE IMMEDIATELY.

HE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ***NEW YORK!*** NORAD, I JUST BLEW A 'PLANE-LOAD OF AMERICANS OUT OF THE SKY, ***IF WE LET THIS ONE THROUGH IT WAS FOR NOTHING! PLEASE!***

I TELL YOU NO LIE, G.I.

part three

ARCHER LEADER, THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER. DISENGAGE. RETURN TO BASE.

BUT--

ACKNOWLEDGE.

OH, JESUS.

JESUS CHRIST.

ARCHER TWO, BREAK LEFT.

AH, ROGER, ARCHER LEADER. ON YOUR SIX.

HOW DID YOU *GET THIS*--?

SHH.

WHAT THE HELL--

ARCHER LEADER?

I THOUGHT I SAW...

NOTHING.

FUCK IT.

LET'S GO HOME.

THE REST I GOT STRAIGHT FROM THE *HORSE'S MOUTH.*

READY!

WHAT?

WHAT?!

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

I SAID READY!

THIS'LL SCARE THEM SHITLESS! GRAB ON AS SOON AS YOU CAN! WE GO IN BY THE FORWARD DOORS, BOTH SIDES!

WHAT?

I SAID--

...FUCK.

MOVE.

MOVE THIS IS BULLSHIT MOVE MOVE MOVE!!

HHUUUUUHHHHH!

PAACCHHH

GAHH--!

SOMEBODY CATCH BLACK NOIR!

NO ONE KNOWS HOW BLACK NOIR LIVED THROUGH THAT ONE. THEY'RE BRED TOUGH--BUT NOT *THAT* TOUGH.

TRUTH TO TELL, *HOMELANDER AN' MAEVE* ARE THE *REAL* HEAVYWEIGHTS. LAMPLIGHTER JUST ABOUT GOT HOME BEFORE HIS FUCKIN' *LUNGS* COLLAPSED...

THEY AIN'T TRAINED FOR THIS, SEE. THEY AIN'T *PRACTICED.*

THEY DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT *HIJACKIN',* OR *HOSTAGE SITUATIONS,* OR HOW A GODDAMN 'PLANE *FLIES THROUGH THE AIR...*

THEY AIN'T EVEN GOT A *PLAN.* THEY JUST THINK--*WE'RE THE SEVEN.* WE'RE *SUPER.*

WE CAN *DO THIS.*

OKAY! STRAIGHT IN!

WHAT?!

MOM, LOOK WHO IT IS!

MICHAEL, SIT DOWN! THOSE MEN HAVE KNIVES, IF THEY HEAR YOU THEY'LL--

MOM, IT'S OKAY! WE'RE GONNA BE OKAY! *MOM!*

SHIT!!

MIICHAAAAAELL!

WE'RE HERE TO HELP--

MICHAEL, MICHAEL, MICHAEL! NO!

CALM DOWN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

IT'S THEM...!

OH, FUCK.

EVERYONE SIT DOWN! THE MASKS ARE BECAUSE THE AIR'S ESCAPING, SIT DOWN AND PUT ONE ON!

WHAT? WHAT?

I CAN'T HEAR A--

HELP US!!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE FUCKING DOING...

HNNNHHHGGHHH

WELL?!

NO WAY! NO FUCKING WAY!

THE GODDAMN THING'LL TAKE US WITH IT...!

SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO SIT DOWN!

--KILLED THE PILOTS, THEY KILLED THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS--

PLEASE--

JESUS CHRIST--!

SHUT UP!

AAAAAAAAAHHH

FUCK...!

COME ON!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON...?

EXIT

THEY'VE LOCKED THEMSELVES IN!

FUCK THEM!

HRRRRGGGHHH--

HAD ENOUGH OF THIS--

COMING THROUGH!

HRRNNGHH!

WHUP--

JESUS!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH

WHAT--

DEEP PUNCHED THE WINDSHIELD OUT, WE'RE GETTING THE JETSTREAM RIGHT IN OUR FACES--

OH, FUCKING NIGGER--!

FUCKING NIGGER!

YOU KNOW...I KNOW HOW THIS IS GONNA END...

BUT IT'S NO LESS BLOODY *DISGUSTIN'* TO THINK THESE EEJITS GOT ALL THEM PEOPLE KILLED.

UH-UH.

FOLKS ON THAT 'PLANE WERE DEAD FROM THE START. FIGHTER BOY WOULDA MADE IT *QUICKER,* SURE...

BUT THE REAL *GODDAMNED CRIME* IS THE SHIT THAT HAPPENED *NEXT.*

MARATHON! WAKE UP, YOU--

UH...?

AAAAAAAHH!!

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD--

UUHHHHH!

JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY!!

WHAT...?

WHAT THE FUCK IS THE MATTER WITH YOU *NOW?*

COME ON, DAMMIT!

BUT I--

JUST TRUST ME ON THIS, OKAY?

THEY'RE DEAD, OKAY? THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

JESUS WEPT--!

THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US LANDING THE 'PLANE!

EXCEPT THERE'S GUTS ALL OVER THE INSTRUMENTS! EXCEPT WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY!

BLACK NOIR WAS THE FUCKING PILOT, YOU UNBELIEVABLY STUPID SHIT!!

BUT I THOUGHT, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A PLAN--

I THOUGHT YOU DID!

GUYS? GUYS, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

IN THE NAME OF GOD ALMIGHTY, *PLEASE*--

GUYS?

SOMEBODY HELP US--

FUCK THIS.

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

JUST A GODDAMN MINUTE--!

NO.

AAAHHH!!

UNNHH!

HOMELANDER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

WAAAAHH!

GOD, WE'RE GOING DOWN--!

SIR! SIR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT'S HE DOING?!

SAVE US!

HOMEL--

OH MY GOD.

EXIT

FUCKING COCKSUCKER! NO!

DON'T YOU FUCKING LEAVE ME NO!!

OH-- JESUS--!

FFUUUUCK...!

GET OFF ME, YOU ASSHOLE! I'LL BURN YOU OFF! I'LL FUCKING BURN YOU OFF! LET GO!!

NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, YOU DON'T HAVE TO! YOU CAN CARRY ME! YOU CAN!

YOU'RE THE HOMELANDER, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING! PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE JESUS!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME, PLEASE DON'T LET ME FUCKING DIE...!

JUST--

QUIT THE GODDAMN WHINING, WILL YOU?

GOD! GOD!

WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE, WE'RE ALL--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? *WHAT'S HAPPENING?*

WHY AREN'T YOU TRYING TO HELP US?!

NOT ROUND MY *NECK,* YOU--

SHIT! OH SHIT! MAN, YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO--?

STOP IT!

IT'S GONNA HIT THE CITY, LOOK AT IT! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO LET THIS HAPPEN!

AND?

THEY'LL FUCKING SHITCAN US FOR THIS!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE US! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE US!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

GET THE FUCK OFF ME--!

CAN YOU, CAN YOU LIKE PUSH IT--?

IT'S NOT ON THE GROUND, THERE'S NOTHING TO PUSH AGAINST!

I'M GOING TO HIT IT AT THE BACK! TRY AND SHOVE THE TAIL DOWN! LEVEL IT OUT!

YEAH?

HANG ON!

JESUS, YOU'RE GOING KIND OF FAST--!

SO'S THE 'PLANE, YOU STUPID PRICK!

COME BACK, YOU--

FUCK!!

DON'T LET HER GO!

OH, FUCK! MARATHON, DID YOU SEE THAT?

MARATHON?

AAAAAAAAHHH!!

AN' THEN YOU GET THAT SHOT THEY LOVE SHOWIN', BUT NO NEW YORKER EVER WANTS TO SEE AGAIN.

I REMEMBER SEEIN' IT.

I WAS THOUSANDS O' MILES AWAY. I'D NO' EVEN BEEN TO NEW YORK AT THAT STAGE.

BUT I REMEMBER THINKIN'--NOTHIN'S GONNA BE ANY *GOOD* ANYMORE.

IT WASN'T JUST ALL THE PEOPLE GETTIN' KILLED, THOUGH THAT WAS AWFUL. IT WASN'T EVEN WHAT WAS COMIN' NEXT--I MEAN YOU KNEW THEY WERE GONNA USE IT AS AN EXCUSE FOR THE SHITE THEY'D BEEN WANTIN' TO DO FOR AGES, THE FUCKIN' PATRIOT ACT AN' PAKISTAN AN' ALL.

IT WAS JUST THE THOUGHT...THAT THERE WAS STUFF LIKE THIS LOOSE IN THE WORLD.

THEY SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME.

DAKOTA BOB WENT ON T.V. RIGHT AWAY, ADMITTED ORDERIN' THE 'PLANES SHOT DOWN. HE PLAYED IT JUST RIGHT, IT FIT WELL WITH HIS IMAGE. NO ONE WAS ABOUT TO BLAME HIM.

HELL, HE DID *GREAT.* HE'D LISTENED TO THE SPOOKS WHEN THEY TOLD HIM IT WAS COMIN', HAD FIGHTERS PATROLLIN' COMMERCIAL AIRSPACE ALL SUMMER LONG.

PEOPLE LOVE HIM. HIS *BACKERS* LOVE HIM. HE TAKES US STRAIGHT INTO PAKISTAN, SO *DEFENSE* GETS THE BIG BUCKS AN' *FUCK* SOCIAL SPENDING...

BUT HE SAID THE AIR FORCE SHOT 'EM *ALL* DOWN, NOT JUST THE FIRST ONE AN' THE ONE THEY THINK WAS GOIN' FOR *D.C.*. HE'S COVERIN' UP--AN' NOT JUST THE GODDAMN *SEVEN*...

NO WAY IN *SHIT* DOES *BOB* CALL OFF THE FIGHTERS FOR *VOUGHT-AMERICAN'S SUPES.* THE MAN WHO WOULD IS *VIC THE VEEP*-- BUT *HE* AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE IN CHARGE...!

AN' THAT'S WHAT NONE OF US CAN FIGURE. WHAT *CHANGED* AFTER THAT FIRST 'PLANE WENT DOWN?

WHAT THE HELL *HAPPENED* IN THE *GODDAMN WHITE HOUSE* THAT MORNIN'...?

HUH.

DID NO ONE SEE *ANYTHIN'* DURIN' THE ATTACK, LIKE?

COUPLE PEOPLE SAID WHAT HIT THE 'PLANE WASN'T A MISSILE. SAID THERE WAS NO EXPLOSION, SHIT LIKE THAT.

JESUS CHRIST.

AN' THE WHOLE THING'S JUST-- VOUGHT FUCKIN' *FIELD-TESTIN'* THE SEVEN?

DEMONSTRATIN', KID. YOU IMAGINE HOW THINGS'D BE RIGHT NOW IF THE ASSHOLES'D MANAGED TO *LAND THAT 'PLANE...?*

THERE WAS EVEN SOME BROAD IN GREENPOINT GOT *MISTER MARATHON'S CORPSE* THROUGH HER CEILIN', BUT VOUGHT PAID HER TO SHUT UP. THE REST GOT CALLED *CONSPIRACY THEORY.*

MOSTLY 'CAUSE PEOPLE JUST DON'T WANNA KNOW...

BUT INSTEAD... WELL.

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN A BUNCH OF *FUCKS IN TIGHTS* TRY TO *SAVE THE GODDAMN DAY.*

next: TEMPER TANTRUM